

# THE GETAWAY

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<http://www.farmlove.com/>

## Coke, University kill dissidents



SUB janitor Gyan puts an unfortunate Pepsiphile where the University administration wants him: in the trash.

Photo Man + GYAN / THE GETAWAY

### Worm

News Editor

The Coke deal reached a new height of madness Wednesday as the University administration, in conjunction with the Students' Union, followed through on their threat to strictly enforce the single-source beverage agreement on campus. All students found with Pepsi in their possession yesterday were promptly executed.

The death count is still undetermined, as bodies continue to be found. But it is known that several different methods of execution were employed. Most students were dragged out of class and shot in the halls. Repeat offenders, those who have been consistently caught with Pepsi, were thrown

from RATT. The eight-storey fall was not enough to kill them, but the SU executive stood by with machetes to finish the job. Employees of Taco Time, the only remaining Pepsi vendor at the U of A, were strip-searched, then handed over to first-year medical students who were performing their first gross anatomy lab.

Although it is difficult to find Pepsi on campus, students who could give up their Next Generation addiction have been buying the beverage off campus and smuggling it into their classes. This practice was frowned upon by Coke, which made its disapproval clear to University President Rod Fraser, who immediately kissed Coke's collective ass.

"We warned students again and again, and now they are paying for

their refusal to submit to the highest power in the world, the Coke corporation," said Fraser, watching custodial staff pile bodies in Quad.

Premier Ralph Klein fully approved of the University's tactics. "Damn little insurgents," he snarled into his rum and coke. "All we're trying to do is turn the U of Coke—I mean the U of A—into a respectable institution, without any goddamn Pepsi-drinking communists."

Some are now labelling the U of A as "The Third Reich of Coke." Professors suspected of pro-Pepsi sympathizing are being detained, and support staff are being dismissed for having been seen in Pepsi establishments.

"Can't we all get along and drink Coke?" queried SU President Sheamus Murphy.

## Tuition cap to rise from 30 to 100 per cent

### Nathaniel Fairbairn

Editor-in-Chief

The provincial government's recently announced plan to gradually raise the portion of the University's operating budget that students provide from the current 30 per cent to 100 per cent by the year 2010 has certain people on campus concerned.

Sheamus Murphy, President of the Students' Union, when informed of the decision, moved his office up to campus bar RATT,

weeping inconsolably into his glass of beer. Mark McQuitty, who has been a bartender at RATT since it first opened in 1908, said, "I've never seen anything like it before. He just kind of sat there, mumbling to himself over and over.

"I tried to figure out what he was saying," reported McQuitty, "but I was too busy talking to all the cute girls at the bar, and throwing lemons at perfectly innocent customers. Quite frankly, I guess I just didn't care what he was saying."

When asked to comment on the imminent tuition hikes, McQuitty

said, "It doesn't really affect me. I haven't been a student since the late sixties."

Vice-President (Academic) and Provost, Doug O'ram, believes that the move is being made by the provincial government because of a personal vendetta against higher education on the part of Ralph Klein and his caucus.

"Well, we all know that fat boy Klein has it out for students. That's no surprise," he said. "I guess he

PLEASE SEE "TUITION" ON PAGE 3



### Today

7 As if George Lucas doesn't have enough money already, he's remastered his first mega-hit, *Star Wars*. Watch for Luke and Hans' romantic moment.

11 The World Committee for Field Hockey Development has made some changes to the sport. This game's about to get way more sexy.

### Quote for the day:

All democrats are crazy-brains.

— Adolf Hitler

### This day in *The Getaway's* history:

Havoc was wrecked. Ceilings fell in. Old Arts completely collapsed. Somebody got lost in Bio-Sci. We all rocked down to Electric Avenue. It was good.

1907

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Please recycle this newspaper

## Second semester cancelled

### Squirrels destroy data

Dan Lazin

News Editor

Just one day before the end of the first semester, University President Rod Fraser, his Vice-Presidents, and the Director of Computing and Network Services called an emergency press conference to announce that all classes for the second semester have been cancelled.

The administrators explained that a group of squirrels had made their way into the server that stores all information about courses, destroying all of the data.

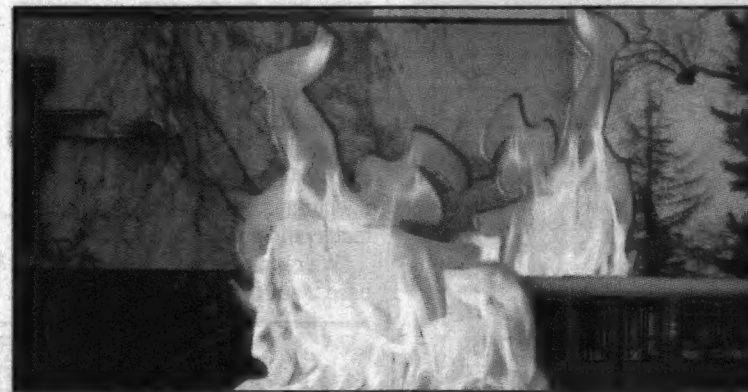
"The cost of reversing this damage would be far too high," lamented CNS Director Michael Byrne, going on to describe the burned squirrel corpses in gory detail.

"On the bright side," added Vice-President (Research and External Affairs) Roger Smith, "this will give researchers extra time, allowing the University of Alberta to firmly entrench itself as the world's premier research institution."

"Indisputably recognized," Fraser concluded bizarrely.

Classes will resume next September.

## LRT destroys building



Passengers look on calmly as an LRT car collides with SUB Tuesday night.

Photo Man / THE GETAWAY

### Allan Soon

News Staff

The City of Edmonton is apologizing for an incident on Tuesday evening involving an LRT car, an over-talkative passenger, and the side of the Students' Union Building.

The incident happened at about 8:00pm, when the Light Rail Train system was approaching the University station.

The operator at the time was making a routine pass by the station. Apparently, after a three-hour shift of going to north to Belvedere and back, operator Steve Miller got really bored of the task at hand, a feeling shared by most operators in the Edmonton Transit Service.

A seven-year-old passenger

seemed to share his boredom, so Miller started a conversation, at first outside of the operator compartment, and then the child joined Miller inside.

The curious bystander asked about the controls of the system, and accidentally bumped into the track release mechanism. The fatal error made the train pop out from the tracks and sail towards the side of SUB.

The 42-year-old LRT operator now stands before an inquiry by the Department of Safety to determine his future career in service for Edmonton Transit.

The cost of the damage totals approximately \$3 141 529, for which the city will be responsible.

When reached for a comment, the passenger in question responded, "I didn't do it!"



## THE GETAWAY

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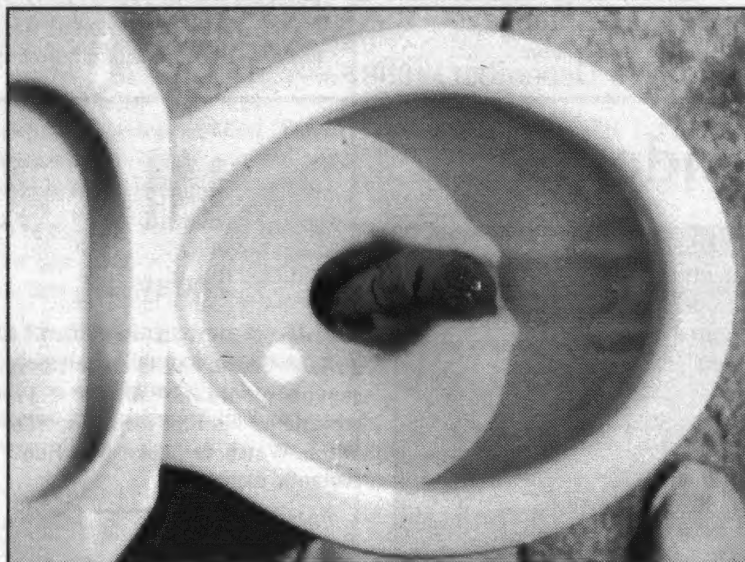
Opinions expressed in the pages of The Getaway are expressly those of the entire student populous.

The Getaway is created using three pairs of pants, a can of soup, and a jizzy E-in-C who talks entirely too much.

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## Washrooms are true research grounds



The University's greatest research (s)tool.

Photo Man / THE GETAWAY

### Gregory Pang

NEWS STAFF

The most widespread research and development on campus happens at a place all of us knows best: the washroom, and the human waste disposal component in particular. The inconspicuous and familiar setting we call the washroom also has various other names: the can, head, john, shitter, shithole, throne-room, *et cetera*. There are many ways the laypeople describe their activities in the infamous washroom: taking a dump, having a shit, piss, unload, crap, popping a zit, go potty, jack-off, and so on. Whatever we may call this most visited room of the day, or whatever we do in it, we owe much of the washroom's convenience and success to research-intensive institutions like the U of A.

"Washrooms are the most diverse source of intra-university research," commented Rod Fraser, President of the U of A. "We have a chance here to make [the university] indisputably recognized as a front-line researcher of toiletry hardware," he said.

The Faculty of Science is interested in studying the different specimens of feces and their chemical make-up. Their research consists of focusing on how different specimens vary in terms of load factor and smell.

"We're close to a breakthrough here," said biochemistry PhD stu-

dent Fuluv Diarrhea. "I've been studying this crap for half a decade now. It's really sweet stuff," said Diarrhea, who incidentally smelled like shit.

While science students run around in their shit-stained lab coats, business students see washrooms as a possible source of great profits. One possibility, according to Finance major Yianni Yerr-Inator, is to put different washrooms on campus and abroad up for public trading in the securities market.

"Washrooms stocks will be hot items. ... Based on volume per hour usage, flushability, and stench factor, investors will definitely be attracted," said Yerr-Inator.

The Faculty of Engineering is interested mostly in toilet and urinal designs. Already, several prototypes have been constructed which concentrate on the ergonomics of the disposal systems. Contoured seating, automatic wiping, arm-rests, and aiming assistance for urinals are just a few new innovations.

"We really want to be state-of-the-art in designing the best damn crappers there are," said Civil Engineering student Jonny Puubik.

Other departments interested in washroom research and development are Political Science—mainly interested to see how bowel movements correlate with voting patterns and political affiliation—and Fine Arts, interested in the modernist-structuralistic-thinger-mabobberism of toilet graffiti.

## President Fraser bequeathes salary to students

### Dumbfounded Vice-President calls boss 'clearly insane'

### Pépé Lepeau

NEWS STAFF

In an unprecedented action, University President Rod Fraser announced Wednesday that for the 1999/2000 school year, he will work without pay.

Fraser said that he based his decision on the fact that students have suffered enough tuition raises over the past ten years to make "corporate embezzlement the only feasible summer job."

"Who's kidding who—I make more bread than your Baba at Christmas. It's about time I shared the wealth with the kids who make it happen," said Fraser.

The Board of Governors is still

under deliberation about where the \$181 000 per annum that constitutes Fraser's paycheck will go. Options being considered by BoG range from offering 60 full scholarships to students facing financial need, to hiring four new full-time professors, to hosting an all-night beer and hot tub party for the Faculty of Engineering.

About the pending decision, a BoG member who asked not to be identified said, "Well, smaller classes, more scholarships, lower tuition—that's all good, but we all know the Engineers are going to be the only ones working in five years anyway. We want them to remember who their friends were."

On Fraser's decision, Vice-

President (Finance and Administration) Glenn Harris said, "The man is clearly insane. Don't be looking for any kind of grand gestures from the rest of us. I barely make enough to keep myself in stockings and cigarettes."

Anne Marie Decore, Associate VP (Academic)—or, as she is known amongst her colleagues, 'Cerberus the Demon Canine Guarding the Gates of Hell'—said, "You want to know what? Why don't you call me when you already know the answer to that question, you two-bit hack! I ought to give you an education in getting your ass kicked."

Student's Union President Shameless Murphy took credit for Fraser's gesture. "The SU has been

## Edmonton to host 2001 Pub Olympics

### World Foosball champion is pumped

Levi Lund  
NEWS STAFF

Organizers of Edmonton's bid to host the 2001 World Track and Field Games were stunned to learn yesterday that they had not won the Track and Field games as originally believed, but had actually won the World Pub Olympics.

The Edmonton delegation made their Games proposal for what they thought was the right to host the 2001 Track and Field Games on the morning of November 24 in conference room C of Monte Carlo's Grand Hotel. However, the 2001 Track and Field Games rights were being determined in conference room A on the same day in the same hotel. It wasn't until yesterday when they received a letter from the World Track and Field Association inquiring why they hadn't made a final proposal, that they realized their error.

Edmonton Mayor Bill Smith blamed the bid's organizers for this mistake. "I had nothing to do with it. I was just along for the ride," Smith said, disavowing his earlier bid to claim credit when he believed that Edmonton had won the Track and Field Games.

Trying to put a positive spin on things, Smith said, "We're going to have some of the world's best darters ... or dartboarders ... or whatever you call 'em ... coming to our ... ." As Schit spoke, reality finally seemed to sink in, and he didn't finish his sentence. Instead, he hung his head, his eyes glazed over, and he mumbled rambling, incoherent phrases such as, "create taxes and business ... lower tires, boost taxes and sell jobs ... ."

The Pub Olympic delegates said that they were surprised to see the Edmonton group wander into their conference room to bid for their 2001 Games. However, the Edmonton proposal was so strong that they awarded Edmonton the Games by a huge margin over Sheffield, England, and Munson, USA, a trailer-park community in Northern Missouri.

Members of the Munson delegation were incensed by Edmonton's eleventh-hour bid. "This is a travesty. It flies in the face of everything that's fair and decent. I mean,

we've been after these Games since Milwaukee in '96, and these jackasses waltz in at the last minute and buy the Games away from us!" said one Munson organizer. "But I'll tell you this: money's not what these Games were founded on, and it's not what we believe these Games are all about, and it's a blow to the integrity of these Games that the voters didn't see it that way."

However, three-time singles and two-time doubles World foosball Champion Peewee Zitnick of South Africa said that he appreciates the exposure that foosball and the other Pub events will receive in Edmonton. "I've always felt we just needed one opportunity in the spotlight for foosball to explode worldwide. I'm glad someone out there had the guts to make it happen. Tell the good folk in Edmuntown we won't disappoint—we'll have that stadium a-rockin'!"

Aside from darts and foosball, some of the more prominent Pub Olympic events include shuffleboard, billiards, backgammon, arm wrestling, pop-a-shot, air-hockey, tobacco spitting, and lap dancing. The demonstration sport in Edmonton will be whack-a-mole; however, Edmonton animal rights groups are protesting Mayor Smith's proposal yesterday to use live moles. In defense of his position, Smith said, "It'll create jobs for some of Edmonton's out-of-work moles."

The unique Pub Olympics format dictates athletes must be over legal drinking limits before they are allowed to compete. Mayor Smith believes that means the Pub Games will be a boon to local liquor retailers. "It's gonna' be a real piss-up!" Smith said.

Smith's interview took place in the plastic surgery ward of the University hospital where he was having an 'Edmonton 2001 Track and Field Games' tattoo removed from his buttocks. Smith got the tattoo to commemorate the achievement during the heady days after he believed Edmonton had won the Track and Field Games. As the tattoo removal process began and smoke started to waft from his ass cheeks, Smith winced, lamenting, "We should have gone for the nipple rings."

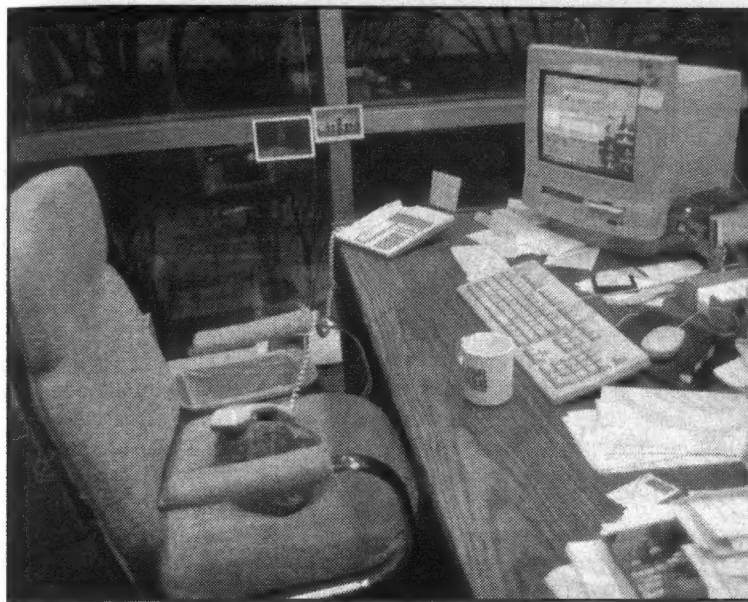
lobbying for this for a long time," Murphy said. "It's about time Fraser listened to what I—uh, the students—are saying."

Psychology Professor Bertha Venation speculated at the cause of Fraser's sudden change of heart, saying, "Basically, he's afraid of going to hell. I think Dr Fraser's gotten to that point in his life, [where] he's looked back, and he doesn't like what he sees."

Venation believes that Fraser's gesture is a sort of atonement for cuts and tuition raises over the years. "I'm sorry that it's had to come to this," Venation said, "but I'm glad that Dr Fraser has taken the responsibility into his own hands."



## Murphy replaced by rock



Murphy, better than we've seen him in a while, chats it up.

Photo Man / THE GETAWAY

Dan Lazin  
News Editor

Students' Union President Sheamus Murphy has been replaced by a rock, *The Getaway* has learned.

While wandering about the SU offices, an intrepid *Getaway* reporter (me) noticed that Murphy appeared unusually still. After half an hour of poking and prodding, Murphy did not move, even after being submitted to a cavity search, which produced several 3000-year-old pebbles.

Eventually, several SU Vice-Presidents owned up to hiring a super-villain to transform the prez. The super-villain, an iron-

masked man known as Dr Doom, was not available for comment, although his technical assistant, double-crosser Spider-man, admitted to building Doom's person-into-rock gun.

"Doom assured me that it would only be used for purposes of good," Spider-man cried. This reporter soon consoled him, telling him that no harm was really done.

Apparently, Murphy was made into a rock because he had stringent requirements for his staff.

"Sheamus was a hard taskmaster," sighed VP (Academic) Kathryn Andrusky. "I suppose that he's harder, now. Tee hee!"

Doom also rearranged Murphy's keyboard to read "Gotcha." Murphy has yet to notice.

## Tuition cap to rise

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

just figures that we should all get by on a Grade 10 education. Fucker."

University President Rod Fraser could not be reached for comment, as he was on a trip promoting the University on the beaches of Maui at presstime.

Ralph Klein, however, released a statement to the press, which read, "Take that, you snotty brats. Think

you're so smart, do you? Well, we'll just see how smart you all are when you're working on the rigs, or cleaning out my jacuzzi for a living."

A protest against the tuition hikes, organized by Student Organized Resistance Movement (STORM), drew record numbers to the steps of the Legislature last weekend. In attendance were all of the organizers and their cousin, Mike Jenkins.

## U of A returns celebs to limelight

Fast-food craving side-effects concern researchers

Steve Sutankayo  
News Staff

A new treatment may soon be available to ailing celebrities. Today at the University of Alberta, researchers announced promising test results for new medical treatments that may be able to revive the popularity of well-known public figures who have "faded from the limelight."

Although still in trial stages, the procedure introduces a life-threatening disease or debilitating injury to a patient suffering from inadequate media exposure. Preliminary results show that as many as 62 per cent of trial participants experienced a significant increase in media publicity, and up to 43 per cent experienced a dramatic increase—mainly via emotionally engaging human-interest features.

The tests used a control group, where the subjects were informed that they had contracted a serious disease, such as ALS or scurvy, when in fact they had no such ailment. The control group did not experience any significant increase in media exposure.

**And Tom Cruise—we've got him in a wheelchair faking paralysis. This way, if he's always sitting, people will forget that he's short.**

— Susan Lippert, researcher, University of Alberta

"Basically, nobody gave a fuck about them," said one of the researchers, a doctoral graduate student in the Faculty of Science.

Testing has been going on for some time. Sources state that early test subjects included the once-great *Godfather*, Marlon Brando. Despite landing a role in the feature film *Don Juan de Marco*, Brando experienced several side effects of the treatment, effectively rendering him an unintelligible, cheeseburger-gulping maniac.

When asked about the dangers of the new treatment, the researchers expressed some regrets.

"We never saw [the fast-food craving, now known as Brando's syndrome] coming. Our theories predicted moderate cravings for savory fast-food products, but nothing to that extent," said one of the students.

Recent research has focused primarily on curbing appetites for special sauce, lettuce, and cheese, but the treatment is still vulnerable to other convenience food items, such as snack chips and diet carbonated beverages.

Dr Susan Lippert is the supervisor for the current round of clinical trials and the expert in this exciting new field of research here at the U of A. Lippert stated that the tests are aimed at stars who have been experiencing "short-term lulls" in their careers.

"The new results are really promising. Ever since Ted Danson had that bit part in *Saving Private Ryan*, his career has been waiting to take off, just like that slut Kirsty Alley. We think that our treatment can give him the added push," she said.

"And Tom Cruise—we've got him in a wheelchair faking paralysis. This way, if he's always sitting, people will forget that he's short."

Although trial participants are supposed to remain confidential, Lippert stated that coverage of the experiment should be factored into the study's findings.

"Besides, who gives a shit—at least this way they might get their names in the paper," she added.

Despite encouraging results so far, the procedure is probably years away from becoming commonplace. And the treatment will not be effective on all has-been celebrities. When asked about actors such as Tony Danza, who are mere months away from being completely erased from the collective human consciousness, researchers remained sceptical.

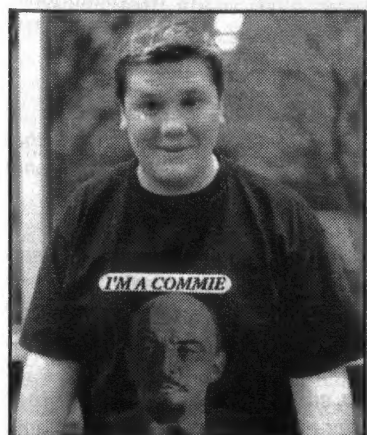
"The patient needs to have a basic minimum popularity for the treatment to be effective. Otherwise, any loser could get famous, even you," explained some pimple-headed asshole.

## 'Bruce McRae is nothing but a commie' — ESS prez

Arts students' rent, groceries, transportation to be subsidized by others

Dan Lazin  
News Editor

Low-income Arts students are fed up with paying for essentials like housing and food, so Students' Union Vice-President (External)



McRae

Bruce McRae is going to help them out.

Earlier this year, McRae suggested a mandatory, \$75-per-year bus pass for all University of Alberta students. Now, he is adding to his proposal by forcing students in all faculties other than Arts to subsidize all students' rent, groceries, parking, and gas bills.

McRae said that he came up with the new idea after listening to SU President Sheamus Murphy complaining about how far his \$1400-per-month salary goes. "I thought, 'What about all of those other Arts students who work at fast-food places in the summer?'" McRae explained. "They sure can't have a lot of money. But I bet that all of those engineers in their summer co-op programs can afford to give up some cash."

Under the new plan, set to be

implemented in the 2000/2001 school-year, non-Arts students will submit a cheque to the SU for \$6000 at the beginning of the school year. The organization will then take that money, giving a portion to local landlords, a portion to the University Safeway, a portion to the Domo gas company, a portion to Edmonton Transit, and the balance to Parking Services.

"That way," said McRae, "no one will have to worry about messy budgeting. Six grand may seem like a lot, but with my new plan, no Arts student will ever have to shell out again," the second-year Political Science major continued.

While most Arts students are cheering the brilliant move, students from other faculties have been angered by McRae's Arts-centric attitude.

"Engineering students work very

hard for their money," retorted Simon Stelfox, President of the Engineering Students' Society. "Co-ops aren't easy to get, and most Engineering students don't have time to hold down a job [on top of] their coursework. We make all of our money over the summer, and if Mr McRae takes that away, the pub crawls will have to stop ... Bruce McRae is nothing but a commie."

Currently, though, the University administration is on the SU's side. "I think that it's a great idea," affirmed University President Rod Fraser. "If other students are too busy to hold down a job during the school year, then they shouldn't be going on pub crawls. This campus is about learning to be a self-reliant and productive member of society, and beer should be the last thing on students' minds."

powerplant

THURSDAY DECEMBER 3

LAST  
DAY OF  
CLASS  
BASH!

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FRIDAY DECEMBER 4

inga's  
night  
out!

DJ ERIC SPINS  
HIP-HOP IN  
DEWEY'S LOUNGE

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SATURDAY DECEMBER 5

GREEK GOD  
& GODDESS  
NIGHT

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INGA'S  
NEW YEARS

TICKETS ON SALE MONDAY  
GET THEM BEFORE THEY SELL OUT!

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## EDITORIAL

*So. The point, then. Yes. The point.*

You know what? I'm just about tired of everything. I'm tired of waiting for my clothes to dry in the dryer. I'm tired of having to cook my soup before I eat it.

And I'm tired of trying to find something revolutionary to write about every single issue. Because, frankly, nothing is really wrong with me. It's hard to be enthusiastic and revolutionary about things that you don't even care about. "Women are oppressed." "Men are oppressors." "The Palestinians and Israelis love to throw rocks at each other." "I lost my toque while falling into some bushes and puking my guts out." Who cares? I sure as hell don't. My bed is warm, my meals are regular, my marks are OK. So why should I be made to think about things that might make me feel bad, or scared? What if someone told me that cars pollute the environment? I might not be able to drive anymore! Or that people less fortunate than me couldn't find a place to sleep? I might feel bad about having a double bed, and sleeping alone in it.

But, for now, I'd like to careen along in blissful ignorance, ignorant of the fact that I don't know a thing about the world around me (I probably wouldn't do well in Political Science, because that's stuff that no one should care about,

i.e. Boring City, U.S.A.) I'll eat and sleep and drink and puke and ski and buy and sell and look and see and hope and dream, because, you know, I really like puppies, and I miss my dog, who is at home with my parents, who I'm going to see on the weekend, or else for Christmas.

So, what it all comes down to is the fact that if and when I decide to go to war, I won't shoot anyone. I'll make friends with them, and just tell them to stop fighting, and then, world peace! Can ya see it, man? Can ya? World-freaking-PEACE! No fighting, just loving. All the pals I'd make would go with me to RATT, and we'd all speak German, or Russian, or whatever the fuck they were, and then drink their favourite drinks, and then volunteer for charitable organizations, making the world a better place for our children, and our children's children, and the children that our children have after the first batch, and son of a bitch, will they have a lot of presents under the ol' Christmas tree that year. Hopefully I'll be dead, because I hate shopping. "Even for presents?" you might ask.

Even for presents.

Neal Ozano

MANAGING HERO



*Item: War takes its toll on another innocent victim. What? Oh. Wrong comic.*

## LETTERS

*Rocking the CASBA!*

Baby, baby, baby. You are the Queen of Rock and Roll. Your majesty, I have just one request: can you please turn down your fucking stereo? I'm trying to get some sleep down here!

Also, please lower tuition. I am hungry.

CLARK GABLE  
STEEL SCULPTOR, NINJA-AT LARGE

*Blue berets are cool*

Oh, yes, we are the blue berets, we're up and on our ways, with another UN flag to be unfurled. "Till the factions are at bay, and peace is on its way, we'll display our blue berets around the world."

Oh, yes we are the blue berets, we're always proud to say, "we'll stand between the mighty and the frail." And where children cannot play, because war is in their way, we shall send our blue berets in without fail.

For we are the blue berets, at home, we're far away, tell our families and our friends who come to call, if you count the lonely days, you'll see our blue berets, marching home again to say we love you all.

Oh, yeah. Canadian students pay too much tuition. Lower it, or I'll start singing about America.

"STOMPIN'" TOM CONNORS

*Egon was the best  
Ghostbuster*

I've had just about enough of this whole "best Ghostbuster" debate. Everyone knows that the best Ghostbuster is Egon. Ray Stantz was a loser. Peter Venkman? Gay as a French horn. That, and his girlfriend at the end used to be a dog! What? Oh.

Tuition is too high, apparently. Lower it.

JAQUELINE ONASSIS KENNEDY  
DECEASED

*A good idea*

I really think that students need a government body to represent them. Something like a brotherhood, or, say, a union. Someone that can speak for us while we're working hard for a degree, and such. Someone to make sure that the bureaucrats don't get too wacky with their fat-cat malarkey. It could be funded through a combination of, say, business revenue, and a mandatory levy from every student, and even some loans. Big loans. They could run a deficit every year, for example, making sure that they have no money to do anything!

I know my logic might be a little unclear right now, but if you let me set it up, then you'll ...what? They did? When? 1908? Oh.

EGON SPENGLER  
ARTS III

*L:KJASEHDFGLKJH*

I really think that the random selection of characters placed above this sentence is offensive. They cry misogyny, and I am not an object! I am a person, not a bra-holder! Up with women! Girl power! Just try to keep me down, man.

SOME GIRL  
POLITICAL SCIENCE MCMLVIII

*Stand up for yourself*

All right. So, have you ever noticed how students hate drinking alcohol? What's up with that? It's like they learned to hate alcohol when their parents in drunken rages beat them.

"Stop beating me, daddy!" I'd say, as he tuned me up with the big monkey wrench. "Stop it! Oh, for the love of god! Please! Let me live! Liiiiive!!"

Get it? I'm a standup comedian. Where's my beer?

YUK MCYUCK  
COMEDIAN

*There's a rainbow in*

## Toronto

I'd really like our SU to slow down on the old "important issues" front. If they get too much more involved in too many more things, we might notice, and they'd get all self-conscious.

What happened to the days when SU hacks tried to have skating rinks built, and were charged with bestiality in their own council meetings? I'm not sure if they ever tried to build a skating rink. But I do know that some people like slurpees, and they're made of ice, so it stands to reason that skating is fun. Follow me here? If you brush your teeth too much, then they'll wear out, and you'll get one hell of a pain when you eat ice. It all comes down to ice, when you think of it. How hard is it to explain things to some people? Damn!

STEVE WHINJERK  
AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING

*Graham wets his pants*

I'm not really sure where to begin. Yes I do. I hate *The Getaway*. I despise everyone on staff, and any volunteer I've ever met has been a waste of flesh. I can't believe that any portion of my hard-earned moola goes to the production of such a publication. I wait near the boxes in SUB every Tuesday and Thursday, desperately awaiting the arrival of *The Getaway* so that I can get a start on my letters for that week. I wrote a

very clever response to *The Burlap Sack* approximately fifteen days ago, and rather than printing my letter (which included references to Swift, Shakespeare and Wilde), the editor (a Mr. Neal Ozano, who lives a few houses away from me, if I'm not mistaken) saw fit to print a rather large advertisement for more letters and additional volunteer staff. My letter was right there in the box! I handed it to him.

You better walk in the shadows, buddy.

PAUL ANGRISON  
ENGINEERING II

## ALPHAGETTI

I am a member of a fraternity. I really think that *The Getaway* has been lax in its task of making fun of fraternities and their members. Usually, we've been slandered to no end by this time of the year. But this year, we feel left out. Doesn't anyone hate us anymore? We're still bad! Really!

STEVE MCQUEEN  
GHEITI CAPPA ALPHA

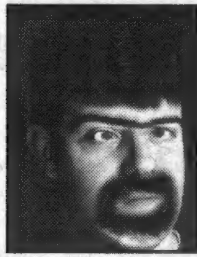
*Letters to the editor should be stupid, unfounded, and so long that I have no way of fitting them onto one page.*

*Letters containing racism, sexism, buggery, depravity, or meat-loaf will be given special consideration, since I'd run anything, but especially things such as those.*

*The Getaway reserves the right to edit letters to make sure they say what I want them to say, and, oh yes, be good.*



## One time I wore a pair of pants, I did



Neal Ozano

My dog's name is Goldie. Son of a damn bitch to hell if that fucking dog can't smile.

Swear to God. I used to throw shit around, and that dog would go get it. Then he would smile. My dog may or may not be a he. It may, in fact, be a she. Whatever. Who cares. I need to fill this space up with funny tripe.

So, the dog? She smiles. I'd get up in the morning, back when I still dwelled in parental housing bliss, and she'd be there, smiling. "Hot smile in the morning!" I would invariably exclaim.

Wait. 'Invariably?' That's, like, five syllables. Sorry about that, everyone—I know I promised never to use a word with more than three syllables in an article, unless I was using it improperly or spelling it totally fucking wrong. I'll do better. Promise.

Anyway, that smiling dog of mine sure liked my car. Which is a brilliantly subtle segue into one of my other jokes today: my car. My '67 Oldsmobile Outlass, to be precise.

Oh, sweet baby car. You shiny chrome marvel of heavy steel and internal combustion inefficiency, how I love you so. Just once, I want

to be driving you when one of those little MRX fuckers pulls up alongside and revs his engine. We'll show that fucker what a real engine is, won't we girl? Hell, yes! We'll hurtle down that fucking residential street, neck and neck with the cocksucker, sweet beautiful whitewalls gleaming in the hot summer sun, and then, just as we start to fall behind because we've run out of gas somewhere in the ten blocks between there and the gas station, I'll jerk the wheel ever-so-slightly, and we'll render that plastic piece of shit into just another fucking speed bump, won't we baby?

Oh, my car. Your hood is so long: a miracle of structural superfluity, a paragon of engineering phallicity. How I love you and your stubborn refusal to do as I suggest, via the imperfect medium of the steering wheel. What a car.

Which brings me to my other random rant/joke: retarded people. More specifically, the pressing societal concern which ponders; is chromosomal deficiency a decent excuse for not getting homework done or missing classes? "Sorry, prof, but my brow was sloping last week, and I was having trouble not swallowing my own tongue, which is obviously too fucking big for my own mouth. Also, I seem to have been disturbingly stupid last week. How about a remake, and can you make sure it's soon? I'm not sure how much longer my shitty fucking heart is going to hold out."

Makes you think, I say. I say.

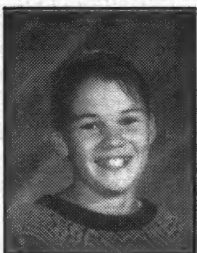
Which, by way of a shitty allusion, leads me to my real point: how about that Ralph Klein?

Fucker, I say. Doesn't he know that people enjoy having money, not spending it to go to school? I know that I personally can't give anymore. Why just last week, I had to settle for a 26er of shitty Alberta Vodka instead of the obviously preferable Absolut Vodka. Sure, I still ended up having a rather long and animated discussion with my friend's bushes at the end of the night, but the point is that I have little money, and don't want to spend what little I have. Especially on something so pointless as my fucking Botany degree. So, this is the point of the article where I blame everyone else, and tell them all to fix the problem for me. I abdicate all responsibility for solution, offer no constructive criticism for change, and belligerently restate my earlier exclamation that I don't want to pay for my degree. That's someone else problem: not mine.

"But Neal," you say, "what about the fact that, if we do push the tab for post-secondary education onto the government, once you graduate, you'll then be complaining about how high your taxes are and how you hate that?"

Well, sure, but it's not my job to be consistent in my gripes. I exist only to be a contrary and obdurate hack who considers only how any given situation affects him at that exact point in time. If what I say seems like only the hot air of an ill-informed and self-centered madman, well, shit. Here come the Care-bots to take me away. Damn to fucking hell. Tune in next week for more dangerously close encounters with points, and near-adventures with intelligence.

## Why I'm the Queen of the hot shit



Sarah Chan

Men, you suck. That's right. All of you. What a bunch of creepy perverts. Always staring at me. Trying to pick me up. Pfft. As if. I mean, I know I'm pretty hot shit. Probably the hottest. No, not probably. Definitely. I am the hottest, without a doubt. I mean, if you don't think

so, you must be completely retarded. Or blind. There are your two excuses: completely retarded, or blind. Not autistic. If you autistic fuckers out there think you're getting away from this, then you're out of your fucking tree. Ya. You better know who's the flyest bitch in the land, or I'll kick all of your sorry asses.

Speaking of kicking sorry asses, someone tried telling me once that Anna-Nicole Smith might be as hot as I was. OK, so, here it is. Where's that bitch Smith now, huh? Like big, fat, three hundred fucking pounds. How'd that happen? Well, I kicked her ass all over the block, so that she ended up in the hospital, sitting on her ass, sucking up

scads of Jello through a straw.

So, anyway. Man, am I hot. Sooo hot. Sizzling. And these men. Always coming up to me. Like 25 a night, on a slow one. I get 'em all. Tall ones, fat ones, skinny ones, ugly ones, almost good-looking ones. "Hey, baby. What's your sign?" they ask me. Or "Hey! Haven't I seen you here before?" Or "Leave me alone. I'm gay." I don't get how they expect that line to work. Shit.

Okay, so, I don't even know why they bother. They never get the fucking hint. I don't know how many men I have to tell to shove off before they're going to understand that I am the bomb, and it's going to take a tall, handsome-with-an-eight-pack stud with one massive dong to set me off. So, here are some examples of what'll happen if you talk to me, just so everything is clear, you big, dumb man-idiot.

Example #1:

You: Oops, sorry. I seem to have spilled my beer close to your shoe.

Me: Oh, man. You've got to be kidding me. Nice try, asshole. Why don't you go home to your mommy? And don't come any closer to me, either. In fact, get out of the fucking bar, you slimy ass-slug.

Example #2:

You: Hi, there, can I take your order, please?

Me: Oh, cute. You dressed up like a waitress to get closer to me. Why don't you take that pad and pencil, go to the manager, and tell him that you murdered the waitress, and then used her clothes and hair? Murderer! Murderer!

The end. Also, I guess I am pretty hot.

## THE BURLAP HACK

This week's hack beating goes to VP (student life) Abbas Sabur, for no other reason than that I feel like it.

Jeez, I hate Abbas. Like, what does he even do anyway? WOW stuff or something? I don't know what he does, so, logically, that means he is not doing anything. I hate him.

Doesn't he know that all student politicians are lazy power-hungry buffoons who are only in it for the money, power, or résumé padding? Bastard.

And who does he think he is, with that name? ABBAS? Yeah, sure pal. Rip off a perfectly good Swedish rock band, why don't you. Fucker.

Ancillary hack beatings go to Sheamus Murphy, Kathryn Andrusky, Bruce McRae, and

Michael Chalk, because, one time, I saw Bruce buying shoes at Footlocker. Asshole. Who does he think he is, buying shoes and being in the public eye at the same time? All high-profile students who aspire to get more than the bare minimum out of their university experiences are all opportunistic assholes who deserve whatever they get. Dirty, dirty fuckers.

*The Burlap Hack is a semi-regular feature which is unreliably edited by anyone but the author, and which is designed to persecute Students' Union elected members for doing things we do not—or do not care to—understand. Afterwards, we hunt the hacks in question down and beat the hell out of them in giant burlap sacks.*

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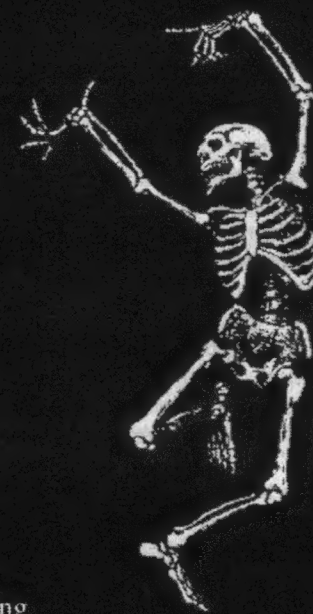
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## The gala event of the year

*French horns get fresh*

**French Horn Gala  
FAB stairwell  
4 December**

**Coco Marina  
PARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF**

The musical program at the University of Alberta is so incredibly underrated, and does not get the proper recognition it deserves. That being said, the disparity between the french horn and other brass instruments such as the trumpet is extreme, and this is what spurred the upcoming french horn clinic and demonstration. It is not only a great opportunity for horns to gather and play some contemporary scores, but will serve as a session that will teach French horn players how to function better in society.

In terms of music, local songwriter Zungri D'Annunzio, a poet/french hornist from 96 Street, composes these new scores. The repertoire will include selections such as "Taggat the Maggot" and "Eat the Man, Eat Him Now." The composer's odd dream and a childhood fascination inspired the first of these two.

"I used to grow maggots," D'Annunzio explains. "I left food out constantly and collected them all, and then I would bathe in them. Maggots are so incredibly exotic and funky." The dream inspired the homosexual undertones D'Annunzio has always associated with both the horn and his maggot companions. "Eat the Man, Eat Him Now" is a modal song, with no chord changes whatsoever, and a triangle is the entire accompaniment with the three french horns. Its tempo drastically changes along with the rhythm, and its tone is melancholy. It symbolizes the degradation of French horn players, and how even in the music industry, they are suppressed.

There is an underlying theme of futility in D'Annunzio's compositions; they are sad and mournful. D'Annunzio suggests that this may be because of his hermaphroditic state, which has plagued him throughout his life. "My music is an outlet of my emotions, and there's a beauty to that sadness."

In relation to social skills, topics that will be dealt with include seduction with the aid of the french horn. Apparently it is proven that, with proper positioning and stance, the french horn is capable of arousing members of the same and opposite sex. The sound of harmonic minor scales is also a factor that contributes towards the success of scoring. Regardless, the horn clinic will be intriguingly interesting, having more local entertainment than the Bears or Pandas could ever have. Everybody is welcome to observe this splendor. Let's utilize our musical facilities to the fullest and exploit the University's and local talent.

For free passes to the bathroom, drop by the fun and exciting Arts & Entertainment desk. The eager editor will take your name, address, and phone number so she can stalk you until the cows come home.

**Won't that be fun?**

## Gordon Steinke goes punk

*ITV Anchor decides TV isn't his true calling*



**Gord Steinke CD release party  
Rebar  
21 December**

**BO Butcherintheskywithdiamonds  
PARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF**

In a surprising change of style and image, ITV news anchor Gordon Steinke announced Saturday that he will be moving to the punk label Fat Wreck Chords. The announcement came as a shock to both fans of his music,

his employers, and hardcore punkers.

Sporting a bright green mohawk and leather jacket, Steinke arrived at the press conference 20 minutes late, driving through the doors on his motorcycle. Giving the metal sign and shouting what sounded like "Rock and roll, fuckers," Steinke ran right over Edmonton Sun reporter Fish Griwkowsky and A-channel correspondent Sunny Sidhu, citing it as a favor to all Edmontonians. He strutted onto stage alongside his manager, new band, and a large number of groupie chicks, and proceeded to give a lengthy rant about punk, his music,

and how people generally piss him off.

"I was sick and tired of being known as a pussy, and decided to do something about it. I don't want to spend the rest of my life delivering boring news and opening for has-been bands like Trooper." Steinke explained that he decided that the only way to revamp his career would be to change his style completely, and ride the publicity wave. Gord admitted that he really knew nothing about punk, but felt that it was completely irrelevant, because his new target audience probably has no clue who he is anyway.

He announced a cross-country tour that will accompany his forthcoming album, *More Bullshit at 11*. He explained that he looked to his experience as a broadcaster to write the album, singing about the media, government, and, essentially, how stupid people are.

"Every day I see so much crap cross my desk, and it's a good source for the angst that drives the new style." Song titles range from "Cretien Speaks Like An Idiot," and "Murder Rampage Riot," to "Kill Your Producer."

Steinke will be accompanied by his new band, Six Inch Stainless, but refused to explain the meaning of the band's name. "All I can tell you is that it is something you might find in an adult store." The music is definitely a tribute to old school punk rockers such as the Sex Pistols, a far cry from his experience with '80s hair rock bands.

Steinke also announced that he will be officially changing his name to El Gordo, in a tribute to label mates and punk rock legends, NOFX. Fat Mike was present at the press conference, but, upon meeting Steinke, he simply spat in his face and called him a number of names, none of which were meant to be compliments. Steinke was quoted as saying, "Fat Mike is sooo cool."

Steinke was unclear about his future at ITV, but certainly hasn't made any friends at the station. An anonymous source is quoted as saying, "That bastard thinks he's so incredible. I don't even know why they still pay him when they have people like me working there." Weatherman Bill Matheson had a few comments, and while we have no clue what he was talking about, it may rain on Saturday.

Is El Gordo really punk rock? Who knows, but he sure looks insane in a mohawk.

## Unusual book hits the mark in brown

**Pressings  
Sir Dick Poopsalot  
Unheardof Press  
\$25.98**

**Kill Vixen  
PARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF**

I wasn't really sure about this book. *Pressings* seemed like an extremely boring volume, bound in mottled brown toilet paper. When I discovered that it was an anthology of writings and art dedicated to shit, I was speechless. What a stupendous idea! Human excrement has hardly received its due in the world of art and literature, but *Pressings* may be the first step in changing all that.

Boasting pieces by John Waters, Madonna

and Woody Allen, as well as work from artists that can only be described as unknowns, *Pressings* is a stunning compilation of work about, and even incorporating, waste. Using the concept pioneered in the *Pressed Fairy Book*, much of the visual art in *Pressings* is in an ink-blot vein, only the medium is feces. Photography and some very intense fiction and non-fiction writings round out the *Pressings* collection.

The various colours of stool are recaptured with stunningly beautiful accuracy. Parts of food are clearly discernable within the swirling browns and bronzes, and the obvious differences in texture make for interesting comparisons. The addition of people posing with their feces also makes an intense impact.

Many of the writings describe the emotions surrounding shit. The process of defecation

is examined with clarity and abstraction, and delves into the anguish and pleasure a good sit on the toilet provides. Monica Seles' piece of humour about a courtside accident during one of her "augh" hits is particularly amusing.

This is the ideal coffee table book for anyone on your Christmas list. For all your holiday entertaining, this will be a sure conversation starter. Sure the conversation will sound a little something like this:

Guest: "You're sick! That's a book full of writing, photos and drawings that all have to do with SHIT. What is wrong with you? Do you need a therapist? Do you need to have your skull washed out with harsh detergent? You babysit my kids, for fuck's sake! I oughta beat the shit out of you..."

You: "I think its sorta cool, actually."

Read what you like. You'll like *Pressings*.



**John Lennon  
Random Noises  
Dead Shot Guy Records**

**Muffy Stroker**  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

You know, some people say I'm a cold, opportunistic bitch who's trying to make a bunch of money by selling off a bunch of shit by my long dead husband. And, you know, that's just not true—I'm just trying to bring the fans closer to the man, to let them know what he was like, what kind of a human being he truly was. This has nothing to do about money. What do I care about a few million dollars? It's all about the fans, and of course, my dead, loving husband, John.

—Yoko Ono, when asked about the new compilation disc *Random Noises* released Tuesday.

Well, this is certainly an historic moment in recording history. Now fans can get to know how the legendary John Lennon went about in his everyday life. Yoko sets no limits here, and she wants his fans to know him in intimate detail. First, we get an inside look at the nature of their relationship with "John Mistakes Yoko's Vocals For a Pack of Mangy, Starving Dogs." The recording has managed to capture an amazing depth of sentiment, giving the listener a real impression of Lennon's pleading agony: "Stop, Jesus/It's really hurting my fucking ears/dear God."

The technology involved on this digitally remastered set really shows off on tracks like "John Farting in the Bathub." Not only do we hear the subtle rumble as the ex-Beatle passes gas, but you can actually hear his finger making contact with the resultant bubbles.

To offset some of the joltingly realistic everyday moments of the album, Yoko inserts some tender, more endearing moments as well.

A must-have for any John Lennon fan.

**Star Wars Extra-Special Edition  
directed by George Lucas  
starring the same people as before  
Cineplexisuperfly Theatre  
now showing**

**Dave Phallusbrander**  
SMARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

After last year's release of the *Star Wars Trilogy: Special Edition*, who'd have thought George Lucas was still holding out on us. There is yet another version of the world's most popular trilogy, complete with additional lost footage, more computer animation, and a few other surprises.

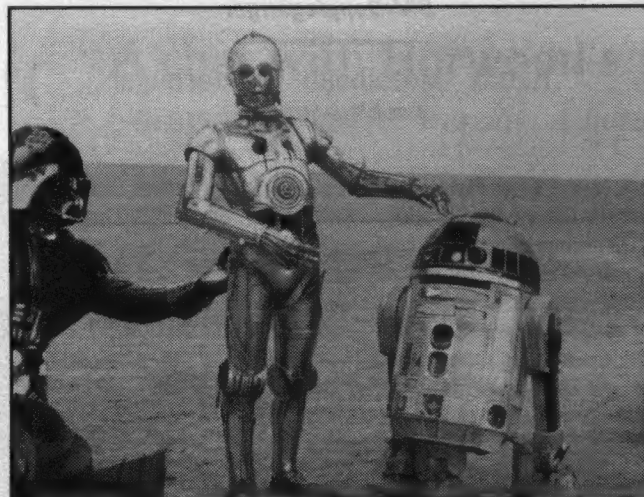
The most obvious change is the resurrection of the original soundtrack by Curtis Mayfield. Most of the songs are basically reworkings of many of the songs from Mayfield's *Superfly* soundtrack. Tracks such as "Superjedi" and "Obi's Dead" definitely give the film a grittier attitude. Mayfield decided to not allow Lucas to use the songs in the film after he realized that, "...everyone in the whole damn movie was white."

The first added scenes come when Luke actually does go into town to get some power converters with his friends. It's revealed that Skywalker isn't so innocent after all. The "power converters" are actually tabs of acid. Luke meets some of his buddies at a disco-type bar where they purchase the drug from some Jawas and get really stoned. They try to pick up some "space tail," but get kicked out after Luke gets in a scrap with one of the Sandpeople.

Another notable addition takes place in the cantina on Mos Eisley. When Luke and Obi Wan go to meet Han Solo, they run into the Jedi Master's half-brother—Obi Juan

## Star Wars like you've never seen it

George Lucas redoes the sci-fi classic ... again



Kenobi. Obi Juan is nothing like his older, wiser sibling. He tries to teach Luke "the ways of the forty ounce." Before they can go shot for shot, however, Obi Juan leaves because a bounty hunter shows up, asking about some stolen "binary load lifters."

The most touching addition to the film is a homo-erotic scene between Luke and Han in the smuggling compartment of the Millennium Falcon. Cramped together in small quarters while Stormtroopers search for them, the two men embrace each other, almost sharing a kiss until Han turns away with a tear in his eye and mumbles, "We've got a lot to learn, kid."

The grimmest addition to this version is the side story about Chewbacca. There's a shot where the Dianoga from the garbage compactor bites him and he contracts rabies. Slowly succumbing to the madness, he eats one of Han's vests, pisses himself, and tries to hump the indignant C3PO. In the final scene, he is unable to contain himself any longer. Going completely apeshit, he

throws feces at Han and tries to tear his arm off. The film ends with the Wookiee being tranquilized and thrown in a cage, while Han gazes longingly at Luke.

Most of the scenes add a remarkable depth to the story; however, I found the excessive use of computer animation to be intrusive. Throughout the movie, scores of digitally rendered aliens and robots walk through the background. Every time a character shows up in the film, the price of the corresponding action figure appears in subtitles at the bottom of the screen. I really began to suspect Lucas's motivations for this re-release to be purely financial when a Planet Hollywood logo appeared on the Death Star.

The *Star Wars Extra-Special Edition* might seem a little radical at first, but this tough, new version of the classic has a lot to offer, and if you don't like it, Lucas has promised he has at least another half dozen versions he's working on. All he'll say about the upcoming versions of the film, is: "May the cash be with you."

## Dyanomic Duoblob split up Pally and Titi call it quits after disastrous gig



**Dyanomic Duoblob  
with the Tragically Hip  
Red's  
5 December**

**Scarin' Libel**  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

After weeks of speculation, the Dyanomic Duoblob, Pally and Titi, have decided to break up.

The Siamese twins, attached at the waist, cite their last live performance as the reason for the breakup. Their show at the Winspear Centre on October 13 was disastrous. Pally's snare drum broke after Titi smashed it during a particularly challenging harmonica solo, while in a heroin-induced trance. The snare was then thrown at an audience member who clapped too long after each song. Police arrested Pally for mischief and charged Titi with possession of an illegal narcotic.

The Edmonton band gained notoriety a few years ago, after grunge died the terrible death it deserved. While in one of those

ridiculous mosh pits that continue to flourish for no apparent reason, the twins stepped on the toes of Sire Records bigwig, Seymour Stein. After they sang, "Seymour Stein, I don't know you," Stein reportedly signed them, as soon as Titi's foot stopped kicking the mogul in the shin. That song was used by Scottish supergroup Belle & Sebastian on their latest record, *The Boy With The Arab Strap*, an album that has sold more units than all twelve of the Dyanomic Duoblob's releases put together.

When asked what fans could expect from the band, Titi commented, "If my sibling weren't such a fuckin' straight-edge freak, we would still be doing the music. It was always about the music."

Similarly, Pally seemed doubtful that Titi would ever really understand what happened between them. "Titi thinks the problem is my inability to fix heroin. The problem is that Titi is a big loser with a taste for bleach. I can't even look at Titi anymore. I only feel disgust."

The Dyanomic Duoblob's international breakup tour starts at Red's this Saturday night.

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**Metallica**  
**Garage Inc**  
**BMI Doppleganger**

Randy "Metalhead" Musterbuger  
 ARTS & MAIN-MENT STAFF

Fuckin' yeahhh, man! New Metallica. The wickedest, raddest band is back with a new album called *Garage Inc*, which is totally cool because me and my best buddy Todd always chill in his parents garage and smoke bud, and drink Pils, while listening to *Ride the Lightning* or *Master of Puppets*. The new album is *Wicked* (that's with a capital W for Whoahhh Dude) even though Todd says the songs are from others bands. Major heavy guitar, like duh nuh nuh duh nuh nuh makes the shitty speakers in Todd's Nova just about fuckin' explode, man. I love it, I love this shit. Even though they pussed out a couple of years ago and cut their hair and put on suits, they are still the kings of metal. The only wusses are anyone who doesn't go out and buy *Garage Inc* or steal it from Wal-Mart, like I did. Metallica fuckin' rules, man. RULES! Smoke weed.

**Swedish Chef**  
**Chef Aid II: The Disney Version**  
**Disney Megalithic Records**

Kara Kirksin  
 PARTS & UNDERSTATEMENT STAFF

Following the success of the original *South Park* album *Chef Aid*, Disney has replied with *Chef Aid II*, featuring the one and only Swedish Chef. It's a surprisingly entertaining album, with Chef singing time-honoured hits like, "Oogie bedougen mee neuf!" and "Ouupen dee fuugen duuur!" and also includes new singles such as "Oogen doogen bladoogin bu," which is already in heavy rotation on the Food Network.

The album features duets with favorites such as Beaker on "Flooden MEEP doo MEEP," and a heart-touching ballad with Donald Duck called, "Whawha oovern whahwhahwhahw di vuugen." As a finale, *Chef Aid II* contains the classic Swedish Chef theme song, "Uum mi pi duudle di doo wop wop wop," as sung by an all-star cast, including Puff Daddy and the Spice Girls.

This CD is so catchy you'll find yourself singing along at all times of the day. Also included is a CD-ROM cook book featuring many of the dishes cooked on the Chef's show, including "Intelligent Talking Turkey," and "Mexican Revolutionary Lobster." This is likely to be a sell-out in more ways than one, so reserve yourself a copy and don't be left out!

## Wow! This is a boring production

For two hours, actors stand beside a wall like it is interesting

**Mt Everest Revisited**  
 Written by Max Posty  
 Directed by Guillaume Luxton  
 Stud Theatre  
 Toilet Centre  
 runs until 10 December

Scarin' Libel  
 OVER THE HILL EDITOR

Despite what you may have heard, the concept of *Mt Everest Revisited* is nothing more than a cleverly disguised attempt at some legitimacy by Stud Theatre.

If anyone could describe what the hell *Mt Everest Revisited* is supposed to be about, I would be most impressed with them. The costumes are terrible, with periods from the Gothic era to the '70s represented in costume. How stupid do those designers think we are? I mean, are we supposed to understand that the whole show is a sham because they couldn't learn their lines in time or what? I wish these flakes would do what they do best: go for coffee.

Apparently, director Guillaume Luxton doesn't share my opinion of the production. He seems to think putting people against a

stone wall in costumes is a good idea. "The honest portrayal of people in various stages of life is a refreshing plot," says Luxton. "We don't often get the chance to see actors stretch themselves through 500 years of history." The reason for that is that people don't actually care about the last 500 years of history, and would much rather see some actor naked on stage than see actors dressed in stupid period costumes from different time periods.

"We took some liberties with the costumes," Luxton explains. "If we did it to the time period intended, we would have had a boring, uninteresting play on our hands. This way, at the very least, people will be confused through the whole production and think that it makes sense, just so they won't have to explain to their friends why it doesn't make any sense."

If the costumes are the only thing the production has going for it, who am I to discourage you from going? Throughout the preview, I was tempted to commit brutal bloody murder. Maybe you won't feel the same. Go, see the stupid production. See if I care. Then you can complain to someone who cares how bad it was. Don't say I never helped you.





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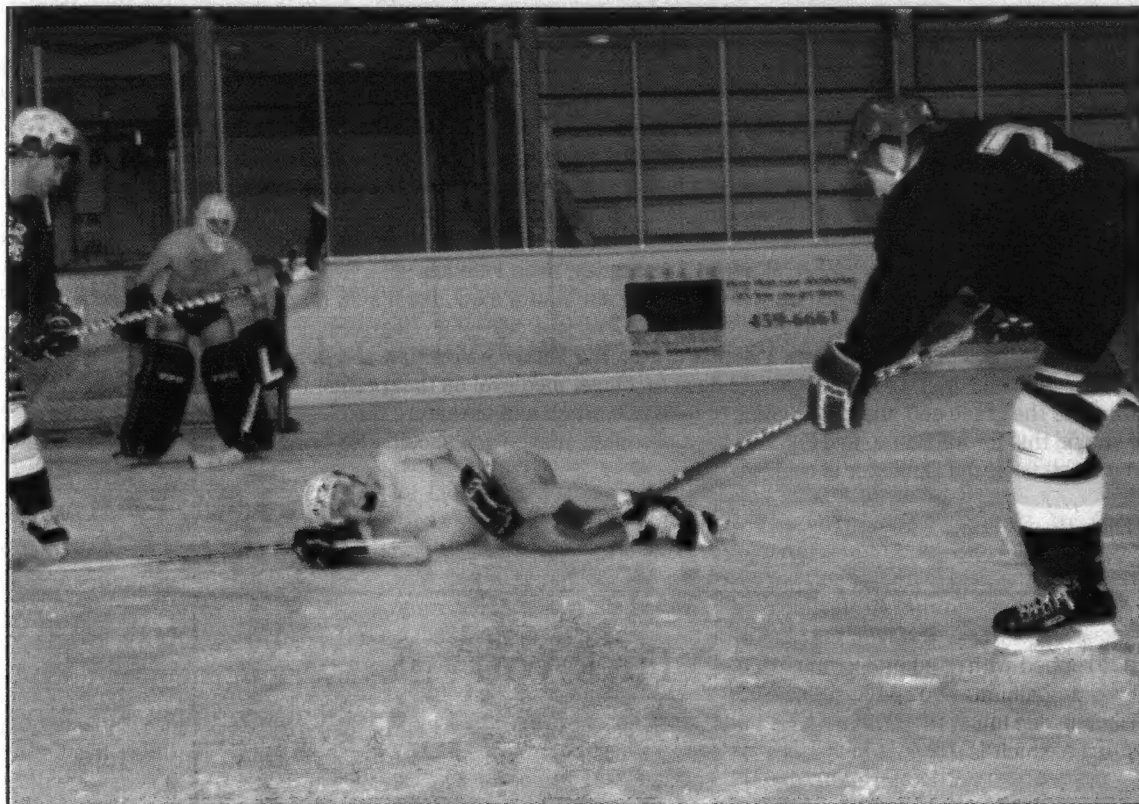


## NEW YEARS TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW



## Bears balls iced

Rookie initiation caught on film



The Golden Bears hockey veterans put the rookies through a gruelling initiation. Aren't you glad that you don't play hockey?

Barrie Tanner

AN INVESTIGATIVE LOCKER ROOM REPORT

With the Bears season halfway to a close, the veterans of the team still had to take care of some unfinished business.

After playing with the team in some cases or watching in others, the Golden Bears rookies entered what was probably the hardest sixty minutes of play that they will ever have to endure. Stripped naked except for their jock straps, the rookies were subjected to a game against the fully equipped veterans.

"What we do is put them in a situation so hard that they won't be afraid of getting hit with the puck in regular action," said captain Mike Thompson, whose teammates need to raid souvenir booths on road games to find him suitable hockey sticks. "We do it at this time of the year so they have more time to recover [during the Christmas break]."

They were also put through a

gruelling set of drills, including a 5 on 3 power play situation where they had to block shots.

"I think it's a really positive experience," said newcomer Brady Magneson while replacing his front teeth after blocking a rocket from one of the vets. "It really toughens us up and makes us better."

"I like the experience being on the penalty kill with no extra equipment," said John Zukiwsky. "I asked the coach if I could play like that all the time. He hasn't got back to me yet."

Warren Toews is also better from the experience, but is glad it's over. "I'm lucky. I took four shots off my nuts [with my can]. Some of the other guys weren't so lucky," said Toews.

Also on the rookie list included rookie goalie Greg Tooke, who looks at goaltending a lot differently now.

"You never really appreciate the position of goaltender until you're right there ... stark naked, balls frozen solid, nipples as hard as

pebbles ... facing a 270 pound sniper with an attitude," said Tooke.

"It's a lot different that normal practice," observed a rookie. "When you're bending over ... butt naked yelling 'pass the puck, I'm open,' it puts things in a whole new light."

Another activity in the grand Golden Bear initiation is The Gauntlet. Players need to skate through their teammates and make it out the other side or be pummeled mercilessly on the frozen canvas.

"It was all fine and dandy until some dickhead broke my nose with his blade," said Dave Taylor, who recently returned from his much-enjoyed Hershey Highway roadtrip. "So I put fiberglass insulation in his nut cup and replaced his shampoo with Nair. Then I beat the shit out of him with my skate."

Cam Danyluk reportedly witnessed the whole drama, but refused to talk under pain of punishment from his girlfriend.

Photographers / THE GETAWAY

## A chat with Horwood's jacket

A Getaway exclusive: You saw it here first, folks

Darcy Anderson

FROM THE SPORTS FASHION FILES

Something just ain't right here.

With nary a warning, Bears head coach Don Horwood seems to have dropped his trademark tradition of wearing turtlenecks and brightly colored sport coats on game day, and replaced it with a decidedly more conservative look: dark grey and black suits.

While this is definitely distressing to the Varsity Gym faithful, who have grown used to the coach's fashion flair, it is even more disturbing to the ones who are the most affected by such a move. The rainbow colored jackets themselves.

This week, *The Getaway* caught up with some disgruntled members of the coach's wardrobe in their closet.

"You're damn right, I'm pissed," a double breasted, grape purple coat who requested anonymity screamed. "I've been out of this house, maybe two, three times in the last three seasons. You know, in the late eighties, early nineties, the Bears were 14-2 with me there. Sure, it's been tough lately, and they may have lost the last six I've been to, but it's not me that's changed, it's the whole freakin' system, man."

There's also a number of pastel colored sport coats that haven't seen the outside world in almost a decade.

"Ever since they cancelled Miami Vice, it's ... I don't know, like we're bloody well invisible or something. We might be delicate blends of soft colors, but we're not invisible for Crissake. And I know he sees us in here, when he brings out those boring black and grey ones," complained a relaxed fit jacket of a pinkish hue. "I thought when I heard Don Johnson had a new show, we'd be the shit again, but I guess not."

"All I can say is, where the hell is Phillip Michael Thomas?"

"For God sakes Tubbs, BRING BACK THE VICE ... BRING BACK THE VIMMICE!"

However, not all of the garments are so free with their words any

more. Not after a recent incident.

*The Getaway* has learned that one morning, not long ago, a bright yellow coat, circa 1989, was plucked from its hanger. The others spent the day celebrating with some wine and a few blouses from a rack of ill-repute, as they thought this was a sign the drought was over, that their day would also soon come. However, Yeller, as he is now affectionately referred to by his textile brothers (pieces of cloth are about as creative as NHLers when they are assigning nicknames: I mean, Mess, Gretz, Weighter, come on, let's put some effort into this, guys) never came back. It's been three months now, and the others know Yeller must have met with foul play.

He had been particularly outspoken before he disappeared.

"I heard he was taken because he knew something and he was about ready to start spouting," the purple coat said.

This paranoia is ripping the once tight community of formal wear apart at the seams.

"It was my one chance to get out. Man ... the gym. Do they still play C & C Music Factory before games? God, I loved that place," a dirty green number, named Soiled Green explained.

"I can see why he leaves those wussy-assed pastels in here, I mean they're freaks, but look at me. I look good, damn good."

The pastels weren't surprised to hear this coming from Green.

"There's something you have to understand about Soiled Green," one of the pastels cried. "He thinks he's people. He swings around screaming 'Soiled Green is people, Soiled Green is people.' Well, he's not people; he's a fucking jacket."

The jackets have one final word of caution for all articles of clothing, no matter what their age, color or fabric.

"Don't forget, you may feel safe now, as you go out once every five to seven days, but there's no telling what tomorrow is going to bring. It can all end."

"It's in *Revelations*, people!"

## Pocklington buys volleyball Bears, sells Grapentine to Winnipeg

Denise Fernandes

SPORTS EDITOR BY DAY, HOCKEY PLAYER BY NIGHT

Former Edmonton Oilers owner Peter Pocklington has purchased the University of Alberta Golden Bears volleyball team for a reported \$5.95. Pocklington is now demanding control of all concession and advertising revenues, ownership of Varsity Gymnasium, and the rights to Stadium Car Park.

If the University does not meet these demands, Pocklington has threatened to move the team south to the more viable market of Sylvan Lake, Alberta.

"The University of Alberta does not understand the difficulties of managing a successful Varsity sports team in a strictly academic market. I am going to move the

team to a place where the only thing studied will be the ass on the woman sitting in the third row," Pocklington cried, obviously tickled by the idea of seeing a hot ass for the first time in years.

In his first move as owner, Pocklington has traded the Bears star and captain Murray Grapentine to the Bears rivals, the University of Winnipeg Wesmen in exchange for Mike Mulvey and \$40.00. Grapentine was upset by the move and has threatened not to report to Winnipeg.

"I feel violated ... like a cheap whore," he said. "I don't know who to trust anymore, the team that sold me or the team that bought me."

Despite Grapentine's reaction, Pocklington rebuffs any rumors



Pocklington Plaza. It has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

Photographers / THE GETAWAY

that he stripped Grapentine of human dignity.

"I am not a pimp," he said, doing his best Richard Nixon impersonation. "I am a businessman trying

to make it in a free enterprise market. If the team can't understand that, maybe they should join him."

Pocklington is now accepting offers for the rest of the players.

After some serious negotiations with Wesmen officials, Grapentine has decided to report to the team. The Wesmen have agreed to purchase Grapentine's bus ticket, and will ensure he always gets the window seat whenever the team visits other cities.

"[Grapentine] was a real tough negotiator," Larry McKay, the Wesmen head coach sighed. "We were really divided on the window seat issue. I thought that was going to keep us apart ... but if it came down to me giving up my window seat or getting rid of the bus driver, we would get rid of the driver."

Grapentine will now drive the team to all their road matches.

"I am so excited," Grapentine beamed. "I always wanted to be a bus driver growing up."





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## Letters to Santa

*The Getaway sports staff did some investigative reporting and intercepted (OK, stole) some letters to that Jolly FatMan in the North Pole. We were pleased and shocked to discover that some of those letters were from some of our very own Pandas and Bears sports teams on campus. As a special for our readers, we have decided to publish those letters for you today. Read on ...*

### A Christmas fantasy

Dear Santa,

I can't remember the last time I actually wrote you asking for something, Santa. It was probably back before I was kidnapped in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains by University officials and made to parade around a gym wearing an undersized jersey, carrying a couple of stupid signs, and all the while entertaining those obnoxious punk kids, who I would tear limb from limb if the school didn't always have me hopped up on sedatives, but I didn't know who else to turn to.

And it isn't a frivolous thing either. It's love. I want, nay, need Patches.

I just need you to help show her what a fab bruin I am. And it's not like it's an interspecies thing. She's a bear too, after all.

There might be a problem, though. I've heard from the Safeway Seal that she may have shackled up with that freakin' dinosaur from Calgary. Now, if I have to, I'll get medieval on that prehistoric bastard, but I need you to bring me the grace and charm it's going to take to bewitch and enrapture the elegant beauty that is Patches.

If you do this for me Santa, and Patches becomes mine, maybe you should also bring me a pack of protection, if you smell what the Gubester is cookin'.

Guba

### Fuck you

Nick,

What da hell is wrong wit you, boy? Do you know who you are messing with? You and your stupid elves are probably laugh it up there in the South Pole, aren't you?

In past years, I have always asked you for a respectable football team, and you never ever gave me what I asked for. Now, when I've finally adapted to this role as a loser coach, with a loser team, the damn team went and got good overnight.

It was easier to handle when they sucked, but now that they've gone and won games against good teams, there's all sorts of expectations for next year that I just can't handle right now.

It wasn't enough to give me a team with actual football players on it, you had to go and make them good.

I hope your satisfied. Now, instead of going through the motions at practices and games, I have to actually look like I'm doing something. Do you know how difficult that is?

Enjoy the rest of winter. I sure as hell won't.

Tom Wilkinson

Bears football coach

### A song for Santie

Jolly old Saint Nicholas,

Lean your ear this way. Don't you tell a single team, what we're going to say. Christmas Eve is coming soon, now, you stupid old man. Whisper what you'll bring for us ... tell us you, little fuck.

Angela wants a ping-pong table in the locker room, Susie wants a Thighmaster to make us all look fat, Christie wants sandals to remember the beach. Alyssa wants a human clone to focus on her International Folk Dance degree. Andrea wants some hormone growth or some Spice Girls shoes. Jenny, our dear captain, gets kind of bored at games so some spiked Gatorade should do just fine to make her stay awake. Sheena would like Nintendo 64, because she hates ping-pong. As for me, you Shithead Fake, there isn't very much. An undefeated season would be great, and a challenge we would hate.

Sincerely,

Laurie Eisler

Pandas volleyball coach and future member of the U of A Choir Club

### I'm outta here

Dearest KK,

Everytime around this time of the year I get reminiscent about the past, and all the wonderful wishes you granted me. Two years ago, I asked you for a National title, and you happily obliged. However, this year, when I asked to repeat, you denied me that wish.

Why'd you do that, Kris? I just can't understand it. I thought you and I had an understanding, ole buddy. I leave you cookies and milk once every year in exchange for one Christmas wish. Did you forget all about me? I know my letter didn't get lost in the mail because on Christmas Eve you came and ate all the cookies I felt by the fireplace.

I believed you were a decent businessman, but it's obvious that you can't keep up your end of the bargain. If this is the way you conduct your business I don't want to be a part of it.

So, Kringle, this is my official letter of resignation from the Christmas contract. I am officially through with your shit-joint. I don't want your shitty presents and I don't want to waste my time writing you Christmas letters. Don't come down my chimney because there won't be anything waiting for you at the end of the tunnel. In fact, I may decide to leave my fireplace on the night of the 24th, so don't even think about coming down and rum-maging through my fridge.

Just so you know, I am in negotiations with the Grinch. He has promised he will grant me my wishes every year and he will never renege on our contract. Merry Christmas, Kris. I know mine will be a whole lot better.

Tracy David

Pandas soccer coach



## Thongs will be mandatory wear in field hockey

Curtis Collicutt

SPORTS WRITER AND PRO-THONG ACTIVIST

Last weekend, the World Committee for Field Hockey Development held its annual meeting in Zurich, Switzerland. When the committee emerged their press conference sent shock waves through the field hockey world as they announced several major strategic changes to the sport.

The first major change to the rules was the reinstatement of fighting. Committee head and PR director Hugh Hefner said that the National Hockey Leagues recent policy changes regarding fighting had left the door wide open for another sport to take over the demographics.

**Bob Dole feels that the goals were just not being used often enough to justify the money spent on them. Plus it's hard for the goalies to look good in all that equipment.**

— Bob Dole, Vice President, WCFHD

"I'm not sure why they ever took fighting out. I remember in my youth, watching women's field hockey and seeing slashing and fighting, clothes being torn ... skin exposed. I want to return field hockey to its natural, raw form," Hefner said.

Other, less notable, changes to the rules included the removal of the goal. When questioned after the news conference, Vice President of the Committee Bob Dole elaborated on the reasons for removing the goal.

"Bob Dole and this committee want to make field hockey more accessible. Bob Dole feels that the goals were just not being used

often enough to justify the money spent on them. Plus it's hard for the goalies to look good in all that equipment."

After the announcements for the changes to the rules package, Pamela Anderson read the resolutions the committee had created with regards to uniforms.

"We want field hockey players to be looked at like figure skaters are looked at. Everyone knows that if you don't look good, you can't possibly perform as well as those who do."

Other resolutions referred to by Anderson included: that thong underwear be the preferred style for field hockey players, that tight, form fitting skirts and halter tops are better aerodynamically and allow players to move freely.

Anderson also suggested that plastic surgery was a legal method for increasing skill and that teams funds should be set aside for "corrective" surgery. Anderson also said that they had considered recommending high heels but that the committee felt that they would ruin the fields.

But the major announcement at the new conference was the WCFHD had put together several private investors and intends to establish the World Field Hockey League with a target start date of 2000-01.

"The WCFHD feels that there is a void in the world of women's sports, especially team sports, and that the ones that do exist in present day do not consider the demographics of the typical sports enthusiast," said Hefner.

Statistics show that the typical television sports consumer is a sexually repressed white male between the ages of 16 and 40.

"We have to cater these so called 'couch potatoes' and their rampant sexual appetites," stated Hefner.

The new League has hired the same marketing team that manages the World Wrestling Federation. The League intends to create as much hype and free

advertising as possible by creating competitive rivalries between the teams and by bringing in celebrity owners. Demi Moore and Courtney Love have both signed on, Moore heading up a Minneapolis franchise and Love starting off a big market LA team.

"Field hockey players are not going to have it easy in this

**I remember in my youth, watching women's field hockey and seeing slashing and fighting, clothes being torn ... skin exposed.**

— Hugh Hefner, Public Relations, WCFHD

league," stated Love. "They are going to have to play hard and look good while doing it."

The League intends to start advertising in Playboy with an entire edition dedicated to the best college and university players. After the Playboy edition a series of sexy commercials starring Shannon Doherty will appear.

Also in the works are some television crossovers. The WCFHD is in talks with the producers of Friends and Ally McBeal. Possible plot lines include: Rachel taking up Field Hockey and going pro and Ally McBeal (played by the athletic Calista Flockhart) becoming an agent for a marquee player.

The Getaway contacted the head coach of the Pandas Field Hockey Dru Marshall team, who had this to say.

"It's a bright year for field hockey. There has always been a lot of suppressed sexuality out on that field and I am glad that our players are getting the chance to express themselves. I wish I had this chance when I was playing at the University level. I always hated having to try and put that stupid ball in the net anyway. Our goalies always just fell asleep."

## Soccer Bears bared all at nationals

Adam Zawadiuk

SPORTS WRITER AND A DISTURBED SPORTS CHAMPION

By some fluke, the Bears soccer team made in to the National Championship.

Undoubtedly they had to polish a few referees knob's to get there. Again, another huge fuckin' surprise. Even though they lost in the final, their trip wasn't a total loss, as many of the virgins on the team finally got some satisfaction.

Some players couldn't even wait until the plane landed for the fun to begin.

The in-flight movie was Wild Things, and soon all the Bears had their hands in someone's pants. Flyin' High met a real nice guy from San Francisco this way. Once the plane landed, and everyone had washed up, they were ready for the fun to begin.

Their first stop was the Victoria's Secret store in Montreal. John Do quickly found a black lace g-string that he thought would be perfect for his girlfriend.

After he modeled it for the Bears, they all agreed. Do has the ugliest

ass on the team.

The Bears then traveled to a near by bar, and proceeded to get drunk. After two beers, Bedroom Eyes was ready to go. With a condom in one hand and Lucky Strike's dick in the other, he went looking for the hoochies. All he was able to find was a 300 pound blind Latino transvestite.

Randall Vanwhoren had much better luck. After taking Harlet's dick out of a beer bottle, the two of them went dancing.

Even though they were grinding with each other, no chicks were dancing close to them. Harlet got distracted by a passing German Shepard, and Vanwhoren was on his own. Shortly after that, he literally picked up a midget. He was so surprised to find someone shorter than himself that he tossed her over the bar. After that, he lost interest in dancing and decided to go have a masturbation contest with Tommy Hilfucker.

Strike went around peeing on bar stools, marking his territory, while Eyes tried to finger the transvestite.

Pedo Phile had slipped out earlier, and had gone to a near by

Chuckup Cheese's. Fortunately a gang of nine year olds kicked his ass.

All this, and only on the first night. Not to mention all the trips to the drugstore for Vaseline. When they did manage to get their dicks in line, they played some really shitty soccer.

All year long these cock smokers said that they were the best, and that they would win the National Championship.

It musta been the pot talking, 'cause they played like horseshit. Next year will be even worse, 'cause without their ass swabbing leader Vanwhoren, they will be lost.

Now that their season is over, these anal astronauts like to hang out at Club Malibu, or Club 186—wherever they think the cutest guys will be.

Whenever they go on the prowl, no one with an orifice is safe. If they drop a 20 on the ground, leave it. If they ask you to go for a ride on their magic pony, say no.

And definitely stay away from that ugly guy Eyes. He thinks he is hot shit, but he really just smells like hot shit.

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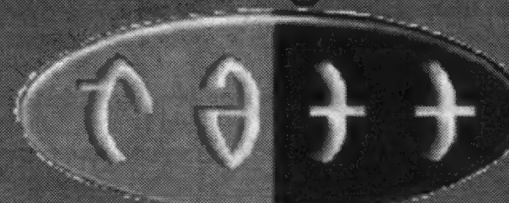
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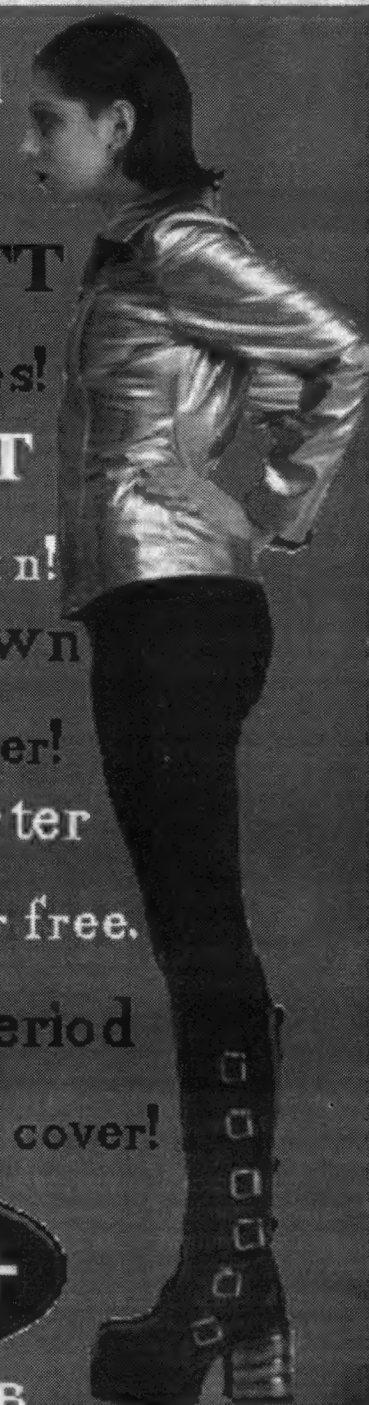
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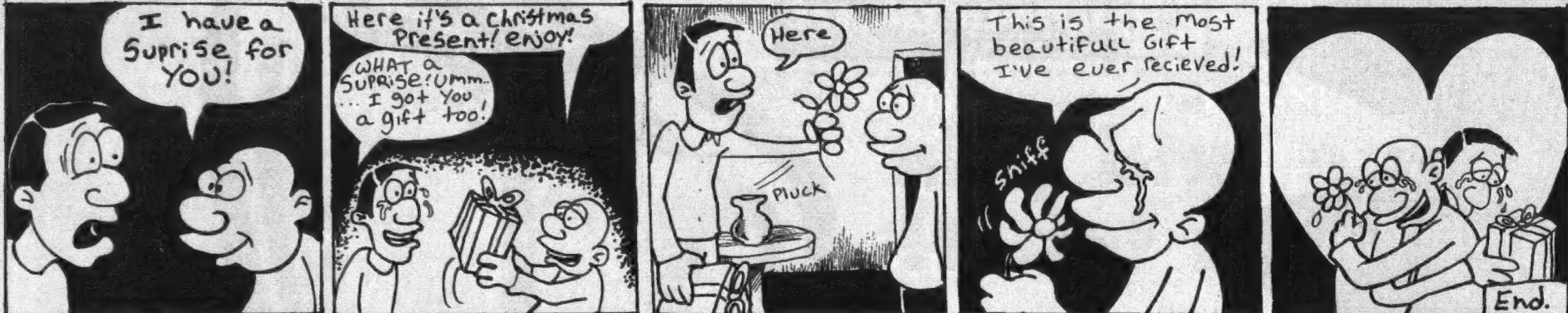




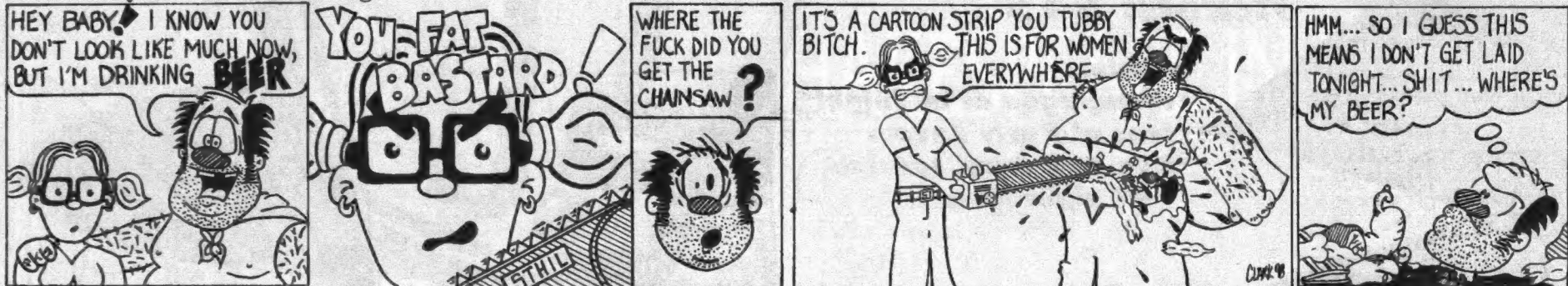
## Spouse Mace by Abram "The Anus" Splasher



## Boxed Warmth by a loving puppy and his pal, church



## Beerman by Andrew Wasadfsdfgh



## Cigarro and Cerve...Crevw...that duck-guy by Antonio Banderas



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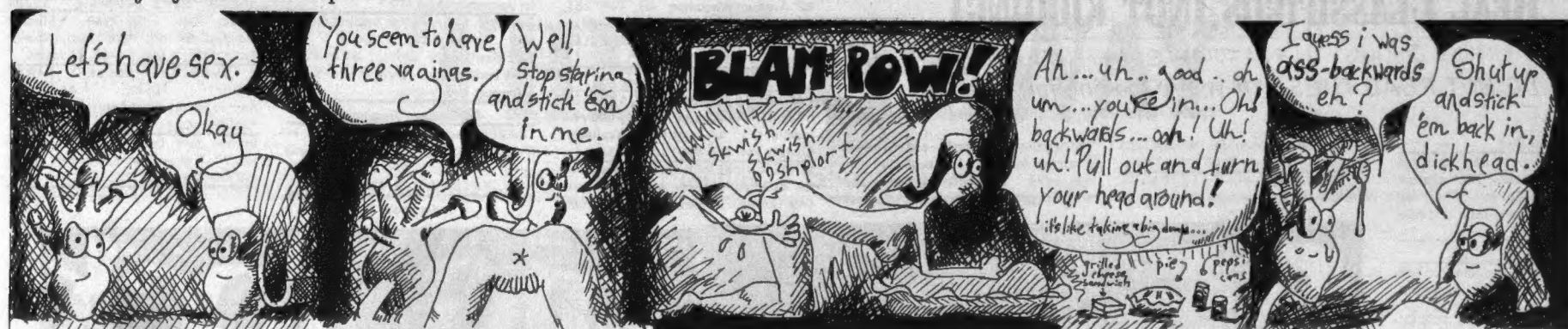


## World O'Death by The Sunny, Scary Boy called Rudi





## Analcraft by Bybrush Threepwood



## Errection by Abrus Harddick and Dyke Flark



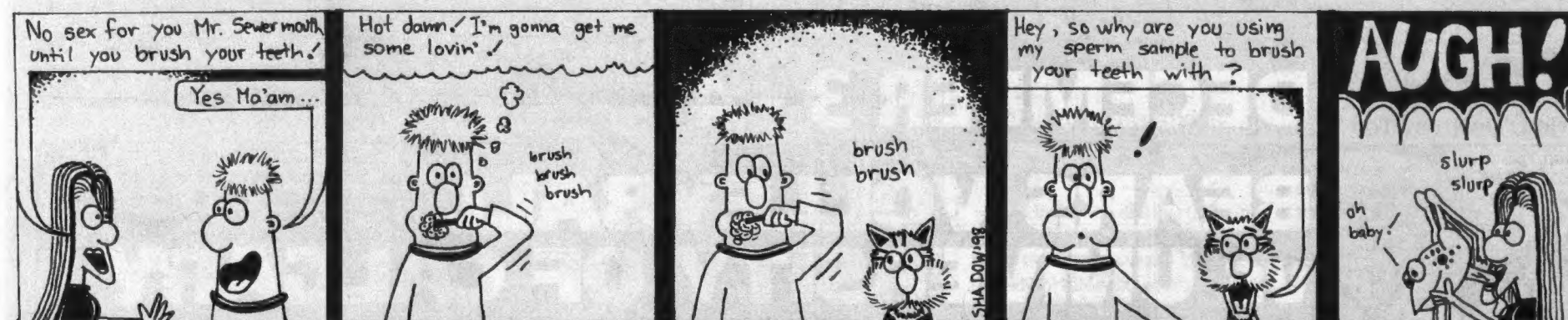
## Happy Comix Smappy Comix by Orange Tang



## Anal Crusaders by Rod Pokeya



## Shitterbox by Blobert Cocktonifuck



## Varsity Crappenings by Bell Binson. Get it? I switched the letters. It's a joke.





## REAL CLASSIFIEDS (NOT KIDDING)

DO NOT READ THESE (if you're looking for jokes)

### For Rent

share with three other students, available february 1, \$225 monthly, \$200 damage deposit, laundry facilities, 40 minute walk from the university, Gina or Leslie @ 430-9578.

### Services

Former PhD student available to edit term papers and theses. Humanities/Sciences. Helen, 481-4736. Experienced math and science tutor in all levels. Call Brian at 906-4914.

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Pentium Multimedia system, 32MB Ram, CD, soundcard, speakers, modem, SVGA monitor, windows-95, Office-97, Netscape etc. \$600.00. 465-0084

### Wanted

Men and Women required for The Clansmen Rugby Club's ongoing programs. No previous Rugby experience required. Information 476-0268.

Need Extra Christmas \$? Skiers Sport Shop needs a sporty, enthusiastic PT/ FT

clothing sales person for holidays and beyond. Drop resume 8605 109th Street. INTERNATIONAL YOUTH EXCHANGE PROGRAM: Build employment skills by

volunteering in Canada and Overseas. Programs for ages 17-20 beginning summer 1999. Travel/living expenses covered. Deadline January 1/99. Contact:

Canada World Youth, #205, 10816A - 82 Avenue, Edmonton, AB, T6E 2B3, (403) 432-1877, fax: (403) 433-4489, e-mail: pra@cwyc-jcm.org MALES STRONGLY URGED TO APPLY.

### Employment - Part Time

PART-TIME EMPLOYMENT FOR STUDENTS Restaurant opening two new locations. All positions available. Contact Tom at 448-9110 after 5pm.

MAKE A DIFFERENCE! Canadian Feed the Children requires permanent part-time canvassers. Flexible shifts, guaran-

teed wage plus incentives. Leave message for James @ 433-9380.

Edmonton Soccer Center requires mature and responsible adult for Saturday/Sunday shifts. \$7.00/hour. Start immediately. Apply at 17415-106 A Avenue, M-F 9-4pm.

### Employment - Temporary

TRAVEL-teach English: 5 day/40 hr (Feb. 24-28) TESOL teacher cert. course (or by corresp.). 1,000's of jobs avail. NOW. FREE info pack 438-5704

### Personals

DOWN UNDER. Edmonton's Gay & Bisexual Men's Bathhouse. 12224 Jasper Ave. 482-7960. Student Mondays \$4 off, 4pm-12am. Nooner 11am-2 pm, 7 days a week, \$5 rooms.

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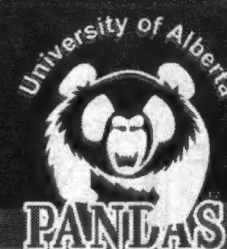
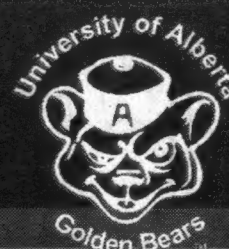
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